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ISSUES AROUND FORMALITY

South Street (Version 2)

The girls Chris & I used to drive down to South Street— Erica, Nicole, Dominique— rights/privileges extended to us as Seniors— I see now that, as usual, the glitter/grime of South Street at night (Tower Records big red/ yellow sign shone as a talisman, consecrating us) hid something darker, deeper, deadened against our polite passes. As to what world we might've woken to had we known the truth then— I remember bluster, braggadocio (who had who on back seats), I also remember the suave sense we had that these girls, callow as they were, were ours. We could've used a brain-scanner, or a noose.

Thus, the beginning of the journey was not promising, or unique. I could've used a brain-scanner for myself, too— watching Chris chow down on Buffalo wings, rail thin, clinging to adolescent fantasies of fulfillment. I simply didn't know what was in me. When Chris could get beer, he did. We'd both already smoked the requisite amount of dope. Dominique showed me one path, felon though she was— head to head intrigue about who sees deeper into who, contests for who holds more insight. Hair dyed yellow & pink, she proselytized for herself, her genius. The noose was for me, as usual.

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